Charlie Chaplin...actor

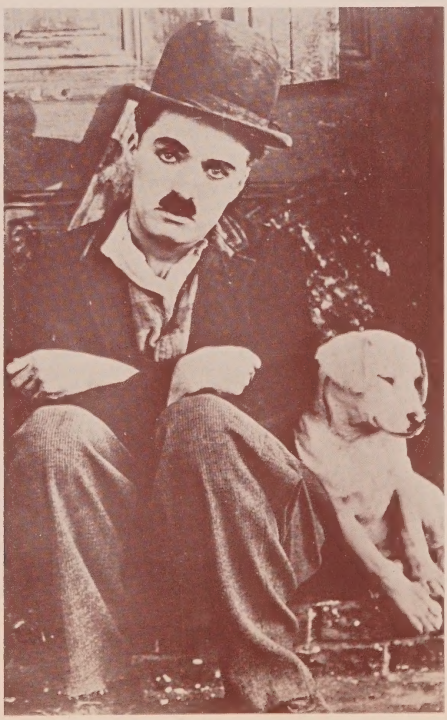
CHARLES CHAPLIN

Charles Chaplin, known the world over as 'Charlie,' was born 82 years ago in London. His parents were music-hall performers and Charlie's early life was spent touring England. Eventually, he became a dancer in music halls. He made one detour, at age 14, to play in the legitimate theatre in "Sherlock Holmes," with the great William Gillette. Returning to vaudeville, Chaplin joined Fred Karno's Company and accompanied the Karno troupe in America, at which time he was starring in principal comedy parts. Chaplin soon entered the motion picture field (in 1913) and within one year became a world-famous star.

Certainly, Chaplin is considered one of the most controversial figures of our time. He is also the most famous living personality. His immortal "Tramp" character is known in every corner of the world. More books have been written about him than any living actor. Books of essays on his films have been translated into almost every language. He is acknowledged as perhaps the greatest genius of the world of film. As producer, writer, director, actor and composer, Chaplin is without equal in the annals of film history of versatility and contribution to the art of the motion picture.

As a comedian, Chaplin has no equal; he is the greatest living international drawing attraction. Chaplin's productions throughout the world have grossed five times that of any other American film. (Second only to "Gone With the Wind.") Re-issues of his films have met with more success, on all continents, than most recent productions — both critically and financially.

Chaplin is star, author and director of over eighty films, and composed the music for his full-length productions. He has enchanted and enriched the lives of over six generations of moviegoers. In an era that has seen the birth of the word 'superstar,' Chaplin out-shines them all.



"DOGS LIFE"

"FILM ACTOR CHARLES CHAPLIN"

By CLAIRE BLOOM

And there he was. Most elegant, white-haired, a soberly dressed, businesslike gentleman, and then his hands. Unlike any other hands, small, perfect, moving in the most familiar gestures — of course, it was he. We went back to the hotel, had breakfast, lunch, dinner; the day passed as he talked — really to my mother, so much nearer than I to the London he knew — about London, the Music Hall, the smell of it, fried fish in newspaper, the melancholy of the parks, Kensington, his mother, great comedians they both knew, had seen. In the evening, exhausted, he left, too tired even to talk about the reason we were both there, his film of "Limelight." I had come to test for a most coveted role, opposite Chaplin himself, that of the young and rising ballerina to his old and down-at-the-heel clown. I was in a play in London, "Ring Round the Moon," and he had asked me to send some photographs. One bore resemblance to Oona, his wife, and so I had come to New York for a week, which was all the leave I had been given from my play, and Chaplin had come by train all the way from California to test with me, as he was nervous, at that time, of flying.

After the miraculous week, back in London and the play. "You will hear from me in three weeks time." The weeks came, passed; I hoped, gave up hope, almost forgot. Four months later, a phone call at the theatre. How soon could I leave for California? Two weeks later I was there.

From then on, we worked every day rehearsing for the picture. Chaplin directed me like a puppet, and so I was. I knew little, would have done whatever he said, knew he was always right. When he demonstrated the part, which he did often, I wanted to die. How could anyone ever be as feminine, as tender. But I watched, I copied, and it all worked. Sometimes he was unreasonable, furious, shouted at me, made me cry. Only later I realized that all these things were calculated very exactly, to bring me to a certain pitch of emotion, or even terror, whether of him or not didn't matter, so long as it was good for the scene.

Sometimes we went to the Farmer's Market, which he loved, and once he bought a small piece of patè for eighteen dollars. I couldn't believe anyone would spend so much for a delicacy of that sort. On Friday nights he would have dinner parties, the fire lit in the living room, and friends about whom I was naively ignorant; James Agee, Lion Feuchtwanger, Max Lerner, Clifford Odets. And they would talk about so many things. But through it all, a note of great sadness. This was the time of McCarthy. Chaplin knew eventually they would force him to leave. And so indeed they did. Shaking his hand, wishing him a good journey, and the, halfway across the Atlantic, revoking his return visa, reneging on all their agreements.

The Chaplins' house in Switzerland smells of wood fires, is set on a hill overlooking the lake of Geneva. Always full of children, very quiet in the morning, so that he can work until the lunch break, when he has his glass of yoghurt: "At my age one doesn't need much food." Excursions to Bulle to buy cream. "After three days the spoon stands up in it." Friends visit — Casals, Clara Haskil; the great pay their respects — Nehru, Mao Tse-tung; and the great poet of the cinema, as active and enthusiastic as ever, composes until three in the morning, writes new scripts which he will direct, interests himself in everything in the outside world, goes on trips with Oona, to London, Paris, re-issues his old films with his own new music, at 80 as indefatigable and enthusiastic as ever, younger than I am, younger than his children, younger than anyone I have ever known.

Claire Bloom comforts Charlie Chaplin in the 1952 film "Limelight."

Movies in Paris

Chaplin Is Back In 'Modern Times'

By Thomas Quinn Curtiss

PARIS, Nov. 4 (IHT). — In 1936 a silence almost as renowned as that of the sphinx was broken. This occurred when the voice of Charlie Chaplin was first heard from the screen. In the midst of an otherwise mute movie, he sang a song in a nonesuch tongue, having lost the cuff on which the lyrics were inscribed and finding himself in the spotlight of a cafe floor show with the band insistently repeating his cue. In panic he improvised in jabber-wocky. The scene is the climax of "Modern Times" which reopened in Paris last evening with its creator and a large segment of his family in the audience. It is at the Paramount-Odéon and the Publicis Champs-Elysées and it is again a huge success.

"Modern Times," 35 years later, remains up-to-date. Like all Chaplin films, it has, in addition to its wonderful comic invention, a simplicity, a directness and a purity that the march of the decades cannot wither or stale. It stirs the laughter of a new generation as it roused the mirth of their parents. Of all the cinematic celebrities, Chaplin makes the highest bid for immortality. The one-reelers he made in 1913 are still running and will probably run forever. Now with Moe Rothman as his trusted impresario, he is in the process of re-releasing his major works: "The Kid," "The Gold Rush," "City Lights,". "The Pilgrim," and his talkies are all to reappear.

With "Modern Times," he bade farewell to pantomime and also his most famous characterization, that of the beloved tramp. Afterwards he played a persecuted baker who had the misfortune to resemble Hitler; M. Verdoux and a European monarch visiting New York when McCarthyism reigned. In a skit in "Limelight," however, he donned the battered derby, tight jacket and sagging trousers and again twirled the bamboo cane.

You may recall the high moments of his now revived swan song to the era of golden silence in which he impersonates the harassed vagabond employed as a robot on a production line, going crazy under the speedup system. Trailed by the police, he conducts a romance with a waterfront waif who shares his tribulations and his joys and walks with him into the spreading dawn at the finale to the melody of a haunting theme song.

As in his other nontalkies, Chaplin here has trapped silence to serve as an instrument of his art, producing a masterpiece of perfect timing. The comedy, with fantastic pranks alternating with sardonic social comment, is hilarious on both levels. There is sentiment, strong and sweet, but it is proportioned. The wistful note is highly sounded and never held too long to sour into the maudlin.

Paulette Goddard, radiantly youthful at the outset of her career, is a winning heroine and Chester Conklin appears as the repairman who gets entangled in the factory machinery, to remind us what a skillful cartoonist he was. The walrus-mustached Chester, a graduate of the Mack Sennett comedies, gave the screen memorable caricatures as the German paterfamilias in "Greed" and as the small-town mayor in the Pola Negri version of VanVetchen's "Tattooed Countess."

Moe Rothman and Oliver Unger invited the first-night audience to a supper at Maxim's after the gala premiere. Chaplin and a whole regiment of Chaplins sat at a long table facing a delegation of French ministers and their wives. The king of laughter, now 82 and hale and hearty, smiled benignly on his admirers, resembling a jolly Santa Claus. But the occasion was more in the nature of a New Year's Eve celebration, ushering in the era of a general re-release of his incomparable films.

The little tramp, Charlie Chaplin, in the 1936 classic film about man against the machine age, "Modern Times."

The Tramp and The Gamin, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard in the 1936 classic "Modern Times," about man against the machine age.

MODERN TIMES

A film of yesterday and of tomorrow

By: Robert Chazal

From: FRANCE-SOIR, Thursday, November 4, 1971

(Film made by Charlie Chaplin in 1934-35, with Paulette Goddard, Chester Conklin, Henry Bergman, etc.) The film had a sound track but no dialogue.

The final sequence of "Modern Times" is one of the loveliest in the history of motion pictures. Two small figures — Charlie and the little orphan girl he has rescued from abject poverty and welfare — grow smaller and smaller in the distance, walking along an empty road leading towards mountains, undoubtedly virgin of all civilization.

Today we were struck by another sequence, too. Another very lovely one. Along a route bordered this time by thousands and thousands of fans, Charlie advances towards us, bearing in his arms the cans which contain his films, which he has agreed to have released again for public enjoyment, after years of voluntary silence.

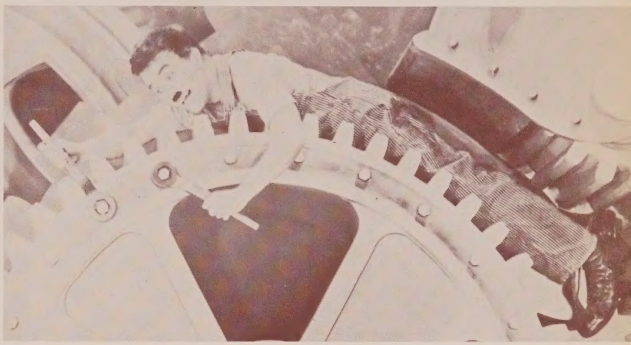
Why has Charlie Chaplin, artist and man who has known every gratification life can give, suddenly decided to release his masterpieces again? There has been no lack of attempts to find the explanation . . . among which a most delightful one: namely the one which is thought to be the correct one: that he had suddenly realized that the little children of today don't know the great Charlie at all. The art of becoming a grandfather concerned Victor Hugo, too. So why shouldn't it be the same for the poet of the battered bowler hat and miraculous cane?

So here we have "Modern Times" which, it has been rightly said, was the masterpiece of a protestor before the event. It is a warning to mankind threatened by the machine, just as three years later, "The Dictator" was a cry of alarm against Hitler. Two appeals to which, God help us, no heed was given! Hitler brought death and the machine has swallowed mankind.

But above all else, "Modern Times" is a film full of gags which bear the Chaplin signature . . . which means that they are some of the funniest gags in the world. Charlie working on a chain gang, disorganizing it by his imagination. Charlie who picks up a red rag in the street, heading a vast throng which mistakes him for a revolutionary leader. Charlie in prison, being visited by a well-meaning lady patroness. Charlie devouring an abundant meal knowing he will be unable to pay for it. Charlie loose in a big department store where he is night watchman. Charlie in a cabaret, singing incomprehensible gibberish. But here Charlie also finds love with the youthful orphan girl (Paulette Goddard), with whom he sets out to get far away from civilization, far away from the world and its noise.

Charlie here and Charlie there. Either you will find him again or discover him for the first time. But whatever you do, you will lay in a wondrous store of joyful recollections, while awaiting new films . . . all bearing the signature of Chaplin.

Really caught up in his work, Charlie Chaplin portrays his immortal Tramp in the 1936 film depicting man against machine.



Charlie Chaplin as the little tramp, and Chester Conklin, trapped in a machine, seem to be taking it all in stride in the 1936 classic, "Modern Times."

MODERN TIMES

Produced, written and directed by

CHARLES CHAPLIN

THE CAST

A Tramp	CHARLES CHAPLIN
A Gamin	PAULETTE GODDARD
A Cafe Proprietor	HENRY BERGMAN
A Mechanic	CHESTER CONKLIN
The Burglars	STANLEY STANFORD HANK MANN LOUIS NATHEUX
President of a Steel Company	ALLEN GARCIA

(First released February, 1936)

The Tramp (Charlie Chaplin) takes a drink in the classic "City Lights".

"CITY LIGHTS"

By

CHARLES CHAPLIN

THE CAST

A Blind Girl.....VIRGINIA CHERRILL

Her Grandmother.....FLORENCE LEE

A Millionaire.....HARRY MYERS

His Butler.....ALLAN GARCIA

A Prizefighter.....HANK MANN

A TRAMP.....CHARLES CHAPLIN

(First released February, 1931)

The immortal tramp, Charlie Chaplin receives a flower from Virginia Cherrill in "City Lights".

Charlie Chaplin in his classic Tramp character in "City Lights."

Virginia Cherrill, as the blind girl, and Charlie Chaplin the inimitable Tramp, in a tender moment from "City Lights."

Charlie Chaplin as The Tramp in "City Lights".

MONSIEUR VERDOUX

Written and Directed by

CHARLES CHAPLIN

THE CAST

Henri Verdoux
alias Varnay
alias Bonheur
alias Floray.....CHARLES CHAPLIN
Mona, his wife.....MADY CORRELL
Peter, their son.....ALLISON RODDAN
Maurice Botello, Verdoux's friend.....ROBERT LEWIS
Martha, his wife.....AUDREY BETZ

The Ladies:

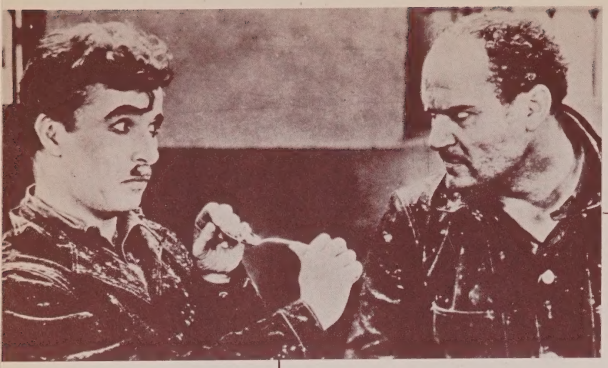
Annabella Bonheur.....MARTHA RAYE
Annette, her maid.....ADA-MAY
Marie Grosnay.....ISOBEL ELSOM
Her maid.....MARJORIE BENNETT
Yvonne, Marie's friend.....HELENE HEIGH
Lydia Floray.....MARGARET HOFFMAN
The Girl.....MARILYN NASH

The Gouvais Family:

Pierre.....IRVING BACON
Jean.....EDWIN MILLS
Carlotta.....VIRGINIA BRISSAC
Lena.....ALMIRA SESSIONS
Phoebe.....EULA MORGAN

The Law:

Prefect of Police.....BERNARD J. NEDELL
Detective Morrow.....CHARLES EVANS



The best defense is an offense. Charlie Chaplin as the immortal tramp in "Modern Times" uses every weapon he can find . . . even a spoon.

To see the most terrible things the most painful and tragic, through the eyes of a laughing child.

That is Charlie's secret.

That is the secret why he is revered.

Here lies his grandeur.

. . . . .Eisenstein, 'My Conception of Motion Pictures'

Historically speaking, Charlie resurrects the workman of the Restoration, so to speak, the artisan in revolt against the machine, crippled by strikes, fascinated by the problem of bread (in the literal sense of the word,) but still incapable of understanding the political causes behind it all and the demands of a collective strategy.

. . . . .Rolan Bathes, 'Mythologies'

There is no paradox in rating Charlie as a great archetype, on a level with Don Juan, Pierrot and Faust, who suddenly appear on the horizon, blaze for a time, and take on the colors of their era. Without a doubt, there will be other Charlies later. He is the average, sensual man, fashioned to the point of perfection, wanting above all else that the world allow him to sleep, relax, eat and enjoy himself, disconcerted by the machine and still more by himself, by the fact that he is a man.

. . . . .Robert Payne, °The Great Charlie'

Charlie Chaplin and Harry Myers come under suspicion while cooling their heels in this scene from the classic "City Lights."

es Chaplin

THE LEGEND

Each of these feet . . . so tragic and so funny, represents one of the poles of the human spirit for us. The one is called knowledge, the other desire. It is by hopping from one to the other that Chaplin tries to find the center of gravity of the soul which, if we ever find it, we shall only lose again immediately.

. . . . .Elie Faure, "Fonction du Cinema"

Chaplin! What a belly laugh I enjoyed.

"Hey there, soldier. Don't laugh so loud. It's wartime," some worthy gentleman cautioned me from the row behind.

"Hell, I came here to see Charlie," I said.

He couldn't understand. I laughed till I cried.

. . . . .Blaise Cendrars, "The Birth of Charlie"

Like Shakespear, this unlimited fantasy which unites in a single gesture — quite spontaneously — the innocent enchantment that life should be so magnificent, and a smiling awareness of his own futility, is conceived and flowers unceasingly in his heart.

. . . . .Elie Faure, 'Fonction du Cinema'

"Modern Times."

THE SHOWMAN OF SHADOWS

by
Henri Langlois
(Secretary-General of the
French Motion Picture Industry.
Head of the Cinematheque Francaise)

Whatever may be the admiration one feels for those men of genius who, in every branch of art, have portrayed this century; whatever may be the astonishment we feel at their youth, their vitality, regardless of the enthusiasm that may overcome us whenever we find ourselves in the presence of their work, I believe that – among them – Charlie Chaplin is, and will perhaps be recognized as the greatest of all, because he is the least intellectual and therefore the most human; he is the only one to whom no one would dare reproach 'Charlie's ignoble heart.'

The love of those people who during the 20's, dared to link his name rightly or wrongly, with that of Shakespeare, will find confirmation.

Who can speak of Charlie better than Elie Faure, Louis Delluc and Blaise Cendrars, to evoke the first encounter between the audience, the man in the street, with the man who symbolizes all of them on the screen . . . who, if not Fernand Leger?

It seems that everything has already been said about Charlie and yet – and yet no one has ever said something which is as plain as the nose on our face: namely the miracle which made Feuillade's VAMPIRES and CHARLIE-s FIANCE coincide in 1915: the former the last masterpiece of the nascent movies and the first masterpiece of the movies of the future.

For Chaplin the movies were only an instrument, the best one he could find as a means of self-expression, the only instrument with which he could accomplish and develop. At the time, for all movie-makers, motion pictures were an art for which they still had to discover the laws. Chaplin already knew them at birth. He mastered this instrument rapidly, so quickly in fact that within only a few months, he wrested from it its pure essentials. That is why, in the days of Griffith who shattered the unity of film movement to introduce orchestration and multiply faculties, Chaplin was able to restore the melody of the movies to us without disavowing Griffith.

Since that moment he was contrary to the entire evolution of the movies, of the silent film in the years 1915-1928, just as he was contrary to the talkies; he was contrary to Mack Sennett, the "cubist," and the core of the current problems of the movies.

He rescued that which was essential to the art of Keaton, of Langdon, the original purity of the pictures.

In refusing to cheat like the others, the movies for him were an audio-visual art only in as much as he needed for his purpose. He did not choose to speak until 1940.

At the borderline of an era, on the threshold of that no-man's land which began with the Nazis and went on to Hiroshima, which gave the imprint to our century.

Everything which had sponsored the birth of Charlie, everything he had done, everything we recognized in him, even his universal language, was condemned.

Far from revealing what was to come in the future, the 20th Century, 1940, put an end to all that was best in the 19th Century, its wisdom, its art, thought, movement, Lenin and Einstein.

Could Charlie watch, helpless on the sidelines, as these crimes took shape, could he remain silent?

People are still asking why Chaplin did not keep THE GREAT DICTATOR within the limits of CITY LIGHTS and MODERN TIMES. All the explanations which have been given seem futile: it was the times, not the cinema, that demanded it and the character he portrayed on the screen.

The "Little Man" and the Dictator

"The Little Man," as the Anglo-Saxons called him, was not only to live now, but also to speak.

He could not content himself any more by innuendo; he had to make himself quite clear. In a few words, he explained himself to the world, summing up his past, his life, his reason for living and ours. And he says it all with such emotion, such sincerity that his voice became the voice of all humanity, his own face disappeared behind the face of him who is no longer Charlie, but simply the most simple of men.

Today it is impossible for all those who see the closing sequence of THE GREAT DICTATOR, who hear those words and that voice, not to be profoundly shaken. Had Charlie killed himself, the film would have been without meaning.

In order to express himself and his faith in mankind, in addition to the universal language of MODERN TIMES, one had to hear his voice for the first time.

At the time people believed that this was yet one more testimonial to his attachment to the silent film. As though this non-existent language which is so familiar to

us, which one does not need to know the words to grasp their meaning, had not been a call for unity of men beyond the chaos of a Tower of Babel.

After that film there was no more justification for Charlie to exist; he had attained the end station in his destiny, he could not add anything to what he had already said. He could not transfer Charlie's face to Verdoux, or The King of New York, Calvero. And it was out of the question that he repeat himself. So he disappeared, leaving us Chaplin. The showman of shadows had discarded the shadow of the 'vagabond'. Was he reproached for doing it? How can a creative man create something past, how could Chaplin go back, imprison himself in mirrored reflections to satisfy the whim of his fans? How could the only man who ever escaped the common lot of movie makers, because all in one he is his own patron, his own backer, producer, author, director, actor, musician and (which was true at that time) his own distributor, agree to forfeit his freedom, desist from progress, to indulge himself in the games of the consumer society he had already known in Hollywood, and with which Charlie had already had a showdown?

Through his silent movies Charlie had not known this consumer society, for the paths of misery are human, though they run alongside the paths of coldness and indifference, as Charlie discovered for the first time in CITY LIGHTS. Never was Chaplin greater, or younger than the day he ceased to be Charlie. And never was he so alone, as in the first days when he played in the Mack Sennett Studios. Alone in his glory, his courage, his art.

The whole world was filled with Chaplin's sorrow.

Perhaps we declined to go and look for what we had lost in LIMELIGHT, yet immediately we found again this man who some have dared to compare to Shakespeare . . . we found again melancholy, accents with which we had not been accustomed since THE TEMPEST. And what a director.

Each one of his films adapts itself to its subject. Each time form disappears completely, so fully is it assimilated in the content.

Is It Possible to Joke with the Executioner?

Could one imagine a film more modern in structure and fluency, in the power of its focus, the architecture of its planning, than THE COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG, with its vivid coloring and total absence of all color? A most significant film, revelation of the times in which we live and of our society, for which the 'vagabond' is nothing more than a surviving fragment of a world which knew the secret of laughter. A world which grows more and more unsettled and lost, traumatized, and which, by dint of the terrible reality of terror, dominates the shadow of Hitler.

That is why, when Hitler's armies retreat, leaving so much blood behind them, blood was his best defense against the 'vagabond'. For Chaplin, as always, had got down to essentials, revealing to us the emptiness, the nothingness, the vanity and futility of the character. Yet now, he shows us horror. He has not been forgiven for deflating the bubble with the prick of a pin. People would have accepted the fact that he bothered them, but only if he used more serious weapons with which to do it. Is it possible to joke with an executioner? Yet, behold, in MONSIEUR VERDOUX, he takes on the executioner, the representative of justice; he does not have a showdown with the Dictator, but with his own mechanism, pointing out where the true victims and the true assassins are.

Since 1914 to the present day, Chaplin's films have told the story of our time. It sufficies to see his pictures, to understand the day in which we live, just as Serge Youtkevitch pointed out to me when A KING IN NEW YORK came out: a film poised on the demarcation line of seceral worlds, full of disenchantment, sorrow and also of tenderness for the country of which he had been king.

For Buster Keaton in THE NAVIGATOR, boiling an egg was a problem because he had been taught nothing, above all, he had not been taught to live. He had always served. The solution to his problem demanded as much inventive genius from him as the early days of pre-history when Man had to invent everything. In addition, this is a form of black humor and confrontation. That is why Keaton is so dear to young people today because for them herosim consists in re-inventing everything from scratch, in order to escape from absurdity.

Charlie is the antithesis of this. His problem is to find how to eat an egg; he knows how to boil one, but since he does not have an egg to begin with and he wants one, without having the means to secure it, it is a question of working, begging, finding a ruse or stealing. That is why our youth of today attributes to Keaton intelligence, courage, energy, daring, genius . . . which are the attributes attributed to Charlie by millions of men who sweat and labor. That is the reason why Elie Faure sees in Chaplin a human genius par excellence and is unable to understand the marvelous genius of Keaton.

Chaplin belongs to the masses, his art was born from the masses, it brings the masses together, and through the masses, the whole universe. That is the reason why, of all movie-makers, Chaplin is closest to that which the cinema will be, some day.

THE GREAT DICTATOR

Produced, written and directed by

CHARLES CHAPLIN

THE CAST

PEOPLE OF THE PALACE

Hynkel, Dictator of Tomania	CHARLES CHAPLIN
Napoloni, Dictator of Bacteria	JACK OAKIE
Schultz	REGINALD GARDINER
Garbitsch	HENRY DANIELL
Herring	BILLY GILBERT
Madame Napoloni	GRACE HAYLE
Bacterian Ambassador	CARTER de HAVEN

PEOPLE OF THE GHETTO

A Jewish Barber	CHARLES CHAPLIN
Hannah	PAULETTE GODDARD
Mr. Jaeckel	MAURICE MOSCOVICH
Mrs. Jaeckel	EMMA DUNN
Mr. Mann	BERNARD GORCEY
Mr. Agar	PAUL WEIGEL

(First released October, 1940)

CHARLIE, THE FRIEND

By

Rene Clair

of the

Academie Francaise

The films of Charles Chaplin are to be shown during the coming weeks. Most of these have not been shown for a long time, since Mr. Chaplin refused to release them.

What did they represent when they first were conceived, half a century ago? And what will they represent today to movie lovers and the general public, particularly today's youth? The entertainment world tries to provide an answer.

At first he was hardly noticed . . . this clown, this mime, this unshaven puppet with moustache, clad in odd pieces of cast-off clothing. Then the embryo began to develop and little by little came the out-size shoes, the baggy pants, the short jacket, the cane, and the pale face with the gentle eyes under the bowler hat. Once the figure had been defined, it went around the world. But thanks to this mask, this silhouette, these talents of clown and mime, for a long time the public could not see the genuine Chaplin through their fame; this genuine Chaplin who is a writer of genius who was lucky enough to have under exclusive contract, one of the greatest comedians of all time. He had another stroke of extraordinary luck, too: the fact that he arrived in Hollywood at a time when a fecund anarchy of pioneers reigned, thereby enabling his genius to develop without restraint.

If Chaplin had not crossed the threshold of the Keystone Studios in December 1913, the movies, as we know them, would undoubtedly have been the same, even had he never made a single picture, because his work is so personal that it could hardly be linked with the evolution of the art which it illustrates. The gigantic industry would have flooded all the continents with the same deluge of sequences, the same pre-fabricated heroes would have been offered for the same public cults. But we would have wanted for a friend, we would have not had that silent dialogue which we shared with him . . . a dialogue between him and millions of unknown people . . . people who, as Louis Delluc said, are able to understand one another.

In order to guage the true importance of Chaplin's work, we have to go back in time, to the era in which it took shape. Throughout the history of motion pictures, that is the way one has always found authentic creations. Time dulls their impact or deprives them of the privileges of originality. Often the shining images disappear into the realm of shadows quicker than the bodies which gave them birth.

Motion pictures are an art dedicated to the present, and it is a miracle when a few pictures, like the Gold Rush or The Pilgrim, strike today's audience with the same impact, preserving that same cinematographic ideal which is fashioned from our memories.

THE CHAPLIN REVUE

Produced, written and directed by

CHARLES CHAPLIN

"A DOG'S LIFE" (1918)

"SHOULDER ARMS" (1918)

"THE PILGRIM" (1923)

THE CAST

CHARLES CHAPLIN
..... The little man

EDNA PURVIANCE
..... The young girl

SYDNEY CHAPLIN
..... The friend — or the other

Charlie Chaplin portrays an escaped convict masquerading as a small-town parson in "The Pilgrim."

"Shoulder Arms," the 1918 short film starring Charlie Chaplin (center) is being shown together with "The Pilgrim" and "A Dog's Life" in the program titled "The Chaplin Revue."

Charlie Chaplin as the immortal Tramp, with Edna Purviance in the 1918 short film "A Dog's Life."

A KING IN NEW YORK

Produced, written and directed by

CHARLES CHAPLIN

THE CAST

King Shadhov	CHARLES CHAPLIN
Ann Kay	DAWN ADDAMS
The Ambassador	OLIVER JOHNSTON
Queen Irene	MAXINE AUDLEY
Lawyer Green	HARRY GREEN
Headmaster	PHIL BROWN
Macabee Senior	JOHN McLAREN
School Superintendent	ALLAN GIFFORD
Night Club Vocalist	SHANI WALLIS
Night Club Vocalist	JAY NICHOLS
Rupert Macabee	MICHAEL CHAPLIN
Mrs. Cromwell	JOHN INGRAM
Mr. Johnson	SIDNEY JAMES
Prime Minister	JERRY DESMONDE
Lift Boy	ROBERT ARDEN
Comedy Double-Act	LAURI LUPINA-LANE, GEORGE TRUZZI

(First released in England September 1957)
NEVER BEFORE RELEASED IN THE UNITED STATES

"KING IN NEW YORK"

"SHOULDER ARMS"

L&R "LIMELIGHT"

Scenes from CHAPLIN hits

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